

THE H. S. FALLS CO. OF SIMCOE, LIMITED



This Building has a frontage on Norfolk Street of 80 feet and on Argyle Street of 105 feet, and has four selling floors.

The Realization Of An Ideal!

HERE IT STANDS—ALMOST COMPLETE—INSIDE AND OUT

Awaiting only the unpacking of upwards of 60 cases of new merchandise, a few little touches here and there— Thursday of this week we shall be very comfortable in our new home.

We began to dream of a store like this fifteen or eighteen years ago. By little and little our ideas have taken form. Four years ago we began to put them on paper. Two years ago all that we had dreamed, hoped for and planned began to exist in concrete, brick and steel, and now it is almost finished. Our feeling as we near the completion is one of relief—not at all of anxiety. We are glad that the work of getting ready is nearly over; we have no fears as to results, for we know that the work has been well done.

We believe we have the finest store in Canada outside the cities, perhaps as fine a store as will ever be built in a "town". This is not alone our own opinion—Judges free from our prejudice tell us so. Not that we claim great outward beauty. The building is simple and plain. Some critics may say severely so.

We have wasted no money on show, there is no tawdry elaboration anywhere, as little inside as outwardly. The beauty of Simcoe's new store is the beauty of harmony, proportion and excellence of arrangement. For all it is so large, you will find it cozy and comfortable.

But after all the point of real interest is not how fine a store this is, but HOW GOOD a store it is to be. THURSDAY OF THIS WEEK we shall occupy the entire new building except basement, (this we shall occupy later) After that day you can best judge us by our goods, our values and our service.

THIS IS WHAT OUR QUARTERS LOOKED LIKE.....

when we took possession about 20 years ago—We did not at that time occupy the portion of the building to the left of the X—it was a grocery store. Later the partition back of the X was taken down and we acquired the portion to the left. To be accurate, the width of the main floor of our building was, when we began business in Simcoe, precisely the same width as the drug store of "The E. H. Jackson Co." of to-day, and the store we are vacating is only a foot and a half deeper than the store just mentioned. So when you come to think of it we really have been doing business in rather cramped quarters.

The Names of those in the Cut are, reading from left to right :

- Mr. Grant Backus
London
- Dr. Fitton
Simcoe
- Mr. Will. Sheppard
St. Thomas
- Mr. Nelson Fountain
Deceased
- Mr. Alex. Smith
Strathroy



The Kindly Support of the People of Norfolk and Haldimand

so uniformly generous is confidently expected in this new store, provided it is deserved, and not otherwise. Make yourself and your visiting friends AT HOME in looking over the new store, while the house is new, it is the same old family living in it whom you have known for so many years.

H.S. Falls
(Signed)

A series of "Good Will" Offerings will be found on the opposite side of this sheet.

STORYETTES

Comic and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Sir Archibald Gorkie tells a story of a Scotchman who, much against his own will, was persuaded to take the Pyramids. After gazing for some time at the Great Pyramid he muttered, "Man, what a lot of mason work not to be bringin' in any rent!"

Dr. Boyd Carpenter was to perform the ceremony at a very smart wedding in a London church. As usual, a great crowd of people stood about the doors and lined up on either side of the strip of red carpet. Magnificent carriages and motor cars rolled up and disgorged the splendidly dressed guests, but at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a deplorable ramshackle old four-wheeler. It drew up gamely opposite the strip of red carpet. A couple of policemen dashed at the cabby, "Here, hi!" they shouted. "You can't stop here! The bishop's just coming!" The old cabman regarded them with a scornful eye. "Keep yer' air on! I've got the hold buffer inside!" And Dr. Carpenter opened the door and stepped out.

A lovely woman who lives on Roxford Road is the proud mother of two boys, the older only six years. Mamma is subject to headaches, and mamma has discovered the sort of proprietary pills that will relieve them. One mustn't take more than one per hour. And the other afternoon mamma had a headache, took a pill and got up to repeat the dose—and found the pill-box empty. She summoned the maid, "Frida!" she cried. "Did Regina swallow all those pills?" Answered "No, ma'am," answered Frida, with a smile. "Don't be scared none. He's a chenerous kid—he gafe half of 'em to d'r baby!"

A former jest, much used, was the one about the college graduate who tried to get a job, and on being asked for his credentials showed his diploma. "What—a college—man?" cried the boss. "Yes, but I'll try to forget it," answered the applicant. The new variation is a true story because it's new. A successful Cleveland business man of the old school interviewed his nephew—a recent alumnus of a great institution of learning—the other day. Finally the old man said, "Billy, you have an unusual amount of knowledge for a man just graduated from college." "Yes, grandpa, I have," candidly admitted the boy. "But I explain it this way: I had a good common school education before I went there!"

A story concerning Abraham Lincoln's musical attainments is preserved in Mme. de Hegemann-Lindencrone's "In the Courts of Memory." At the Sanitary Fair held in Philadelphia in 1864 Mme. de Hegemann-Lindencrone, then Mrs. Moulton, was asked to sing for the President. After she had finished "Robin Adair," Lincoln, holding her hand in a grip of iron, said, "Music is not much in my line, but when you sing you warble yourself into a man's heart. I think I might become a musician if I heard you often; but so far I only know two tunes." "Hail Columbia!" she asked. "You know that, I am sure!" "Oh, yes, I know that," he replied. "For I have to stand up and take off my hat." "And the other one?" "The other one! Oh, the other one is the one when I don't stand up!"

A bright spirit of earlier days, Charley McKeand, an advocate ready for any emergency, dropped into court too late one day to read the depositions, and found himself faced with the duty of defending a woman for stealing a pair of boots. He burst into a moving harangue, and said he would read the very words of her defence on arrest, since they bore the stamp of conscious innocence. He seized the depositions, and went on: "Tha! here we are. Oh, h'm!" He faltered a little when he saw them. "Well, gentlemen, this undecent woman does not put it as you or I would put it, but I said I would read her words and I will. What she says is: 'How the hell could I have the boots when he was wearing them?' And, gentlemen," continued McKeand in a concluding burst of eloquence, "I ask you with some confidence, how the hell could she?"

Joseph Tattenham, a writer of short stories, opened the hall door of his apartment on lower Sixth Avenue (reports the New York Globe). As he did so he heard a queer noise within. Mr. Tattenham paused, for the New York flat robber is apt to be a highly temperamental person if interrupted at his work. Then he saw a shadowy form fit down the corridor and lay through a window. "Go," said Mr. Tattenham, "I lighted the gas and looked about to see what was up." On a chair by his bed he found all of his clothes in a neat pile. Under the bed was a tattered suit belonging to some person who distinctly does not travel in Mr. Tattenham's set. Nothing was missing from the flat. He sat down to consider. There came a timid tap at the door. "Well?" said Mr. Tattenham, opening it to a shivering person, who had obviously removed the ragged suit Mr. Tattenham had found under the bed and had not had time to get into any of Mr. Tattenham's clothes. "Well?" "Please, sir," said the shivering man, very meekly indeed. "Please, sir, may I have my clothes?" "Are those your clothes?" asked Mr. Tattenham, indicating the discarded garments by a gesture. "Yes, sir," said the wily individual in the hall. "You see, sir, I'm a little insane at times. And I'm afraid I entered your flat and took all my clothes while I was raving." "Well," said Mr. Tattenham brutally, "have on." And he closed the door.